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CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 83
What Is the Greatest Need in Religion Today?.... 84
THE PULPIT—
The Mind of Christ.—Rev. Joseph Fort Newton. 87
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—
The Growth of the Hebrew Religion. Lesson XXX. Psalms 90
POETRY—
Devotion.—*William Struthers* 83
The Litany of War.—*Alfred Noyes*..... 87
THE STUDY TABLE—
Book Notices.—Frederick Starr..... 91
SELECTED—
What Withers and What Endures.—*The Christian Life* 86
THE FIELD—
The Premier and Suffrage.—*The Christian Commonwealth* 93
Bad Results of the Higher Education of Women.. 93
The American Attitude Toward Life..... 94

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ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXII THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1913. NUMBER 6.

DEVOTION

Look! Just a single, steadfast light
Across wide waters gleaming;
Yet what good cheer its beaming
Brings to the dark and lonesome night!

So comes anew a vital thrill,
'Mid world-seas mad and frowning,
Unto a spirit drowning,
When one true heart says—"Peace, be still!"

Boston Transcript. —*William Struthers.*

A school boy, a student of the Hyde Park High School in Chicago, it is claimed was the first person in Chicago to discover the return of the vagrant comet that has been out of earthly sight for over sixty years. The boy had been watching for its several nights. At last the comet kept its engagement made "when first the morning stars sang together for joy."

The address of Sir Oliver Lodge as president of the British Association promises to become as marked in the traditions of the association as that of John Tyndall's at Belfast in 1874. Both men rebuked intellectual arrogance in the name of science. Both addresses insisted that the scientific spirit must keep ever the open mind in the present of what must ever be open questions. After science has spelled its last word and worked its latest problem to a demonstration, still there will be more things in heaven and earth than our philosophers "dream of," ever more and still more!

Lord Northcliffe, the great English newspaper man, at a reception given him by the Press Club of Chicago last week, assured his hearers that there is no fear in his mind that the United States is to be embroiled in war in the near future, but he is not so optimistic concerning the future of his own country. He is reported to have said: "The English nation displayed amazing stupidity in concealing the real conditions prior to the Boer war, and of course the world now does not actually know the conditions in the Balkan states, except that they constitute the most regretable exhibition in the history of modern warfare."

The appointment of Professor Paul Shorey of the University of Chicago to the Roosevelt professorship in the University of Berlin, is one that will give satisfaction to all progressive citizens in Chicago as well as in the academic world. Professor Shorey is one of the most versatile of men, equally at home with Euripides and Browning, Plato and Emerson, Sophocles and Tennyson. In spiritual matters he is the honorable son of an honorable father, Daniel L. Shorey, who was for many years president of the Western Unitarian Conference, and one of the leading Unitarian laymen in America. We congratulate the German students who will have the privilege of listening to this brilliant man, and we congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Shorey over the merited rest which will come through a change of activity. Of course Paul Shorey will be the most diligent of students among the students he will be privileged to address and he will bring new treasures of mind home with him.

The Literary Digest for October 4 has an interesting, if not a prophetic editorial, entitled "Cash-Drawer Diplomacy." It here appears that a Santo Domingo revolution, which under the drastic treatment of President Roosevelt was eliminated in eleven months, while an incipient revolution of recent date came to an end in less than one month, as a result of the warning from the present United States administration that all custom receipts, collections, etc., now in operation would cease under any government reached by other than electoral methods. The New York *Commercial* is quoted as saying, "President Wilson's policy goes to teach that the only way to change a government is to vote against it at a regular election, and that the long line of Presidents who attained office as military dictators has come to an end." Mexico is having time to study this lesson in "Cash-Drawer Diplomacy," and the United States has a world opportunity of demonstrating that diplomacy as not only an economic but an adequate substitute for the militancy that calls for standing armies and mobilizes the same on the slightest provocation.

The National Congress of Farmers recently held a successful session in the city of Plano, Ill., famed among farmers as the manufacturing center of a successful reaper. The city fathers of Plano yielded to the importunity of the saloonkeepers and granted them special permit, out of compliment to the farmers, to keep the bars open for an hour and a half later than the ordinance time, 10:30 p. m. But the farmers have been to school of late years and the farmers in great numbers have not yet grown ashamed of the church

and its ministrations. So with a decisive preamble the Congress promptly resolved that "The intended courtesy was superfluous, inasmuch as the habits and customes, beliefs and practices of this Congress will render the above special act of this city null and void, as our members are not patrons of the saloon either day or night." The presiding officer, who signed this, was from Texas and the Secretary from Ohio. A correspondent present describes the scene as follows:

> Before the reading of the resolution was concluded nearly the whole convention was on its feet, hats and canes were waving, the air was filled with applause, shouts and amens, and the measure was carried with a roar that could have been heard blocks away. I have heard nothing like it since the days of the old camp meetings thirty years ago or more, and it ought to be an indication that the days of religious enthusiasm are by no means passed when a practical opportunity for its expression presents itself.

The meeting of the Ethical Union in Chicago last week brought together a small body of men and women characterized by high thought, ethical earnestness and a degree of spiritual insight that is born of frankness and the humility that belongs to the thinker. Professor Felix Adler, Dr. Henry Neumann and Dr. John Elliott led the New York delegation. Percival Chubb, who has taken up the work of the late lamented Sheldon, came from St. Louis. George E. O'Dell was a welcome visitor from London. Professor F. C. Sharp came from the University of Wisconsin, Professor Nathaniel Schmidt from Cornell, while Chicago contributed its quota of speakers and listeners. The main theme for discussion was "Ethical training in schools and later life, and the ethical element in the labor movement." Much was said at these discussions that we would be glad to reproduce in these pages did circumstances permit, but for the present UNITY contents itself in extending its congratulations to this earnest band of workers and particularly to the society in Chicago. This coming together was the occasion of welcoming to the permanent leadership of the Chicago society Mr. Horace J. Bridges of London. This society prefers to speak of a platform rather than a pulpit, of a lecturer rather than a preacher. It is not well for either those on the inside or the outside to try to force this distinction or to create a line where none exists. If we mistake not, Mr. Bridges is a valuable addition to the ministerial forces of Chicago, and we hope that the brother ministers, pastors of Chicago churches, will give him increasing welcome in proportion as they find him devoting himself to the spiritual culture and ethical regeneration of the city, and we hope that the new friend and brother will be willing to interpret the ministers of Chicago at their best and to accept and enhance the fellowship based on the things held in common.

Our popular contemporary, the *Outlook,* has again made a change. Its editor speaks of the change as "an improvement." It has a new cover of commendable plainness of typography, but questionable delicacy of color. The polished whiteness on the grimy newsstands of Chicago will all too promptly take on tints inartistic. It announces that henceforth instead of issuing a monthly illustrated number, each number will carry illustrations. The initial number contains eight pages of pictures, grouped together under the head of "Current events pictorially treated." These pictures perhaps will vindicate unconsciously the temper and ambitions of this new venture. The first page is given to an amateur golf champion and is called "A Critical Shot." The second page is given to four possible candidates for mayor of the city of New York. The third is the funeral of Mayor Gaynor. The fourth is given to the cougar hunt led by its belligerent contributing editor, Theodore Roosevelt. The fifth is the portrait of a distinguished woman lawyer of France who appears in the contributor's pages. The sixth a scene caught from a bird masque performed at Meriden, New Hampshire. The seventh, Sir Oliver Lodge and Mme. Marie Curie, prominent European scientists, and the Prince of Monaco, the ruler of the great gambling realm, is introduced in a more interesting and legitimate figure, as a student of the deep sea. Finally comes the cartoon from London *Punch,* ridiculing, as might be expected, both from the English and *Outlook* standpoints, the pacific attitude of President Wilson towards Mexico. The table of contents shows the usual variety and wide range of vision. The evolution of the *Outlook* from the *Christian Union,* when it was devoted aggressively to the consideration of theological and religious problems on the outer margin of orthodoxy, to the present journal of current events, with an uncertain theology and an attenuated religious accent, halting on the hot questions of the day, standing for "armed peace," and the pugllistic gospel of Roosevelt, would make an interesting chapter in the psychology of our times. Whither are we tending? What are the deeper movements of our day? To answer these questions one will do well to read the Outlook, but if the study is to be adequate there is need of considerable collateral reading.

What Is the Greatest Need in Religion Today?

The greatest need in religion is clearly more religion, more susceptibility to lasting things, more sensitiveness to the higher claims, a quicker conscience to duties, a larger sense of obligation. For religion is not an interest in ecclesiastical history, a curiosity concerning ancient altars, a familiarity with Bible texts. Religion is not a thing of Gothic architecture, textual interpretation, or speculation upon the origin and nature of the belief in God. It is not a study of Greek

and Hebrew grammar; it is not in the reception or rejection, however sincere, of creeds and formulas.

Religions is necessarily a thing of the present tense and the singular number. It is the attitude of the individual, the frame of mind, the temper of spirit. It is a matter of individual experience. John Ruskin divides the essentials of life into material and non-material classes. On the physical side the requirements of a full life, he says, are:

1. Plenty of good air.
2. Plenty of good water.
3. Plenty of good earth.

The spiritual requisites, he said, are:

1. Admiration.
2. Hope.
3. Love.

These spiritual requirements are the gifts of religion, and the greatest need in religion today is a fuller power, a greater capacity for admiration, hope, love. The saddest evidence of irreligion today is not a doubt as to bodily resurrections, difficulties in regard to Bible miracles or a failure to conform to churchly rites or to accept the historic conditions. But it is the absence of enthusiasm, the incapacity to enjoy, the lack of the power of appreciation, it is that condition of soul that is chronically bored, to whom the world has become, as Emerson said, a "sucked orange." The saddest infidels, the most persistent type of atheists are those who go chasing around the world for a new excitement, who are busy from week in to week out hunting for entertainment, who are as much afraid of their own souls as they would be of a dark cellar; those wanting in the power of admiration.

Kipling's "Tommy Atkins," on his way home from his India campaigning, in his simple way reveals the religious heart as he stands apart while his ship is plowin' the "Injian" Ocean, musing over—

> The things that was which I 'ave seen
> In barrack, camp an' action, too,
> I tells them over by myself,
> An' sometimes wonder if they're true;
> For they was odd—most awful odd—
> But all the same now they are o'er,
> There must be 'eaps o' plenty such,
> An' if I wait I'll see some more.

While the sergeants are busy pitching quoits, the women laugh and talk and the officers and ladies are walking the quarter-deck—

> I thinks about the things that was,
> An' leans an' looks acrost the sea,
> Till, spite of all the crowded ship,
> There's no one lef' alive but me.

This man, who has "come upon the barrack books," who has "behaved like a bloomin' fool" and "never grutched the price," who has sat in the stocks without his boots—

> Admirin' 'ow the world was made,

had found his way very near into the heart of religion. There is more piety in his unlettered, untutored chant, which is the refrain of an admiring soul, than in the thirty-nine articles and the whole prayer book connected therewith spoken by rote, the chanting of which is interrupted by yawns.

> For to admire and for to see,
> For to be'old this world so wide—
> It never done no good to me,
> But I can't drop it if I tried!
> This time-expired soldier-man
> With six years service to 'is name,

enjoyed also to a degree the second spiritual requirement of life, the indispensable element in religion in Ruskin's list—Hope. For, spite of the fact that the—

> World had never done no good to me,
> I cannot drop it if I tried.

Though—

> I cannot say the things I feel,
> But still I sing my evenin' song.
> For to admire and for to see,
> For to be'old this world so wide—
> It never done no good to me,
> But I can't drop it if I tried.

Hope is rooted in the thought of an ordered universe, in the feeling of a divine investment, in the assurance that there is meaning and purpose, motion and progress in the world. No matter how meager the present, how dark the day, how bitter the grief, how cruel be man or nature, the religious soul dares hope. This, we take it, is the meaning of George Watts' mystic picture. This subtle artist has painted a picture of Hope, as a bowed, smitten creature, with blindfolded eyes and apparently deaf ears, holding a lyre with all but one string broken, overwhelmed, it would seem, by the world; cast down, abandoned, and still kept alive by the hope, that is unwarranted by present circumstances, unsustained by any outward evidence, but is murmured by the all but ruined lyre. Hope springs from within and is perennial only to the religious heart.

It may be going beyond the text to find Love, the last requirement of the spiritual life, according to Ruskin, is this lonely "Tommy," who sadly reflected—

> My girl she said, "Oh, stay with me!"
> My mother 'eld me to her breast.
> They've never written none, an' so
> They must 'ave gone with all the rest—
> With all the rest which I 'ave seen
> An' found an' known an' met along.

But there must be something very near like love in the heart of him who still clung to the wide world—

> It never done no good to me,
> But I can't drop it if I tried!

Love is not some soothing syrup that dulls us to present pain and dulls us to existing wrong, but it is something vital; it is a tonic of the soul; something that makes for virility, puts new aggressiveness into life. Love not only waits on tenderness but it also makes for strength.

Enough has been said to explain what we mean when we say that the greatest need in religion today is more religion, this is spiritual the note that fills the present

with wonder, lights up the hard facts with hope, vitalizes and sanctifies pain, poverty, weariness, temptation, aye, sin and crime, with Love.

What Withers and What Endures

Trinitarian Christianity is still, in name, the professed and dominant theology of our island. Yet it dominates pretty much as an iceberg seems to dominate in tropical seas, the one being as certain to melt away as the other. Men are widely occupied in raising the question of its rights to the title of Christianity, the question of its authentic descent from Jesus. Many are frankly saying that if he were to live again in London today he would be found not in churches, but oftener amongst the rough men who assemble in Hyde Park or under the railway arches of St. Pancras, to protest in their somewhat blind way against him. Hence there is cause to believe that this system is about to pass away from the western world. That cannot be the real religion of a people which fails to attract its best minds and best hearts. Pick out the best man, the clearest thinker, the most unselfish worker in England today, or in any neighboring land; you are not sure to find him inside any organized church. When a religion ceases to produce the best character, the best thought, it is far on its way to decay. The ideas of philosophers are a high-water mark which shows the point to which the tide of general thought must come in a few years. That which the leading and most sincere thinkers reject today, the whole people will reject tomorrow. The popular theology is a girdled tree; its branches spread far and wide, its leaves are green, its roots are yet firm. But the girdling mark is there; and the years which bring new growth and glory to its neighbors will mark its progress to decay and death.

Many minds, clear and pious, note this, and count it the transition stage to a refined and philosophical Christianity. Such a system they are laboring to frame and are seeking to reproduce, in the world of modern civilization, the purer faith which Jesus taught in Galilee. For the spirit embodied in the genius and character of Jesus are indestructible; goodness is goodness all the world over to the end of time.

Hence Jesus spake truly when he said, "I am with you alway, even to the end." The great public organizations of his religion may fall and perish; so his body did. But the soul of both is immortal. The Germans loved to think that Barbarossa was not dead, but lived still in some sepulchral cavern, whence he would emerge when Germany required his aid. English legends tell that King Arthur never died, but was borne away by nymphs to an enchanted island, whence he will return when Britain again needs his potent arm. It is true. The heart of Barbarossa still beats in the breast of every patriotic German; the spirit that animated King Arthur attends every man who devotes his life and heart to the service of England. And so Jesus is still with us; incarnate in each whose purpose is to advance humanity another step towards its shining goal of destiny. He was filled with the greatest cause of the era to which he was commissioned. For it he lived. He had nothing to say about our social or political dilemmas; about labor or capital, or the wrongs of men or of women. The American abolitionist pored for years over the Bible in search of a text condemning slavery, and had to give up the search in despair. Not that this is the slightest reproach to him. It is his crowning glory. It shows how completely he was concentrated upon his task and age. He was God's distinct and exact Word to that age. Precisely because he was so, his sayings of then cannot now be his final and exhaustive word to us. No doubt a great many people tell us otherwise, and have very strong motives for it. The special evils of our own day would be very glad to have us devote ourselves to the evils committed by dead Jews, would join us lustily in condemning the stiff-neckedness of the generation to whom Jesus preached, and would censure the worship of Baal and Moloch with any prolixity desired. Yet we know very well that those old devils are dead; no man in London today has the smallest temptation to bow down to graven images or to stand at the street corner and make long prayers. For every age has its own new avatar. The God of today will not spare the devil of today; and the Christianity of England must be as absolutely English as the Christianity of Judea was absolutely Jewish.

Ancient history is the history of a few good heads. Take Cæsar out of Roman, Alfred out of Saxon, or Arthur out of early British annals, and what have you left? But modern history is taken up with the doings of a complex figure—the people. The people and their career now engross the interest which formerly attached to the actions of great heroes or kings. Hence, though there must always be leading men, we shall never again have universal leaders. No new Cæsar will conquer the world. No new Jesus will embody all the spirit of humanity in his single heart. The spirit of the age—a term coined by modern Europe and for modern Europe—will be reverenced as the temporar yincarnation of the soul of Jehovah, and his avatar will be found in all that is inspired by that divine love whose earthly incarnation is human love. God lives for each age in the highest purpose of that age. Nor, if Jesus were here, would he deplore his changes. He would make no effort to save those who trade upon his name. He would say to them, "Rejecting the newest and greatest truths of your age, you have crucified me afresh. You make gain out of that which left me homeless." To be a Christian in London today does not necessarily involve a single one of the virtues which it did in Christ's age. Heresy requires self-sacrifice; it may oblige a man to go lonely, to bear his cross and face his Pilate; even Atheism may mean some Christian virtues, something of Christ's sorrow, something doubtless of his sacred joy and support. But what on earth has a Dean to do with him who had not where to lay his head?

We seek then to stand, not merely where Christ once stood, but where he would stand if he were here today. We seek to stand by every cause that opens higher life to mankind; to stand by its side though it be the lowliest cause of vulgar people in England today. Stand by it. It is Christ's. You are flying to his arms and sharing the pulses of that great heart. Men may call you heterodox or infidel. You may incur the charge of Atheism from those whose God is a dead Jew. Yet lo! there is a new star rising from the sepulchre of that dead Jew. It rises and goes before us on our way; and where it rests—even though

it be in a stable—there lies a Holy Child that, clasped to your breast, will make a Madonna of every woman who loves it, an apostle of every man who tries to serve it.

The Christian Life.

THE LITANY OF WAR

I

Sandalphon, whose white wings to heaven upbear
The weight of human prayer,
Stood silent in the still eternal Light
Of God, one dreadful night.
His wings were clogged with blood and foul with mire,
His body seared with fire.
"Hast thou no word for Me?" the Master said.
The angel sank his head:

II

"Word from the nations of the East and West,"
He moaned, "that blood is best.
The patriot prayers of either half of earth,
Hear Thou, and judge their worth.
Out of the obscene seas of slaughter, hear,
First, the first nation's prayer:
O God, deliver Thy people. Let Thy sword
Destroy our enemies, Lord!

III

"Pure as the first, as passionate in trust
That their own cause is just;
Puppets as fond in those dark hands of greed;
As fervent in their creed;
As blindly moved, as utterly betrayed,
As urgent for Thine aid;
Out of the obscene seas of slaughter, hear
The second nations' prayer:
O God, deliver Thy people. Let Thy sword
Destroy our enemies, Lord.

IV

"Over their slaughtered children, one great cry
From either enemy!
From either, host, thigh-deep in filth and shame,
One prayer, one and the same;
Out of the obscene seas of slaughter, hear,
From East and West, one prayer:
O God, deliver Thy people. Let Thy sword
Destroy our enemies, Lord."

V

Then, on the Cross of His creative pain,
God bowed His head again.
Then, East and West, over all seas and lands,
Outstretched His pierced hands.
"And yet," Sandalphon whispered, "men deny
The Eternal Calvary!"

Literary Digest. —*Alfred Noyes.*

The Busy Man's Creed: I believe in the stuff I am handing out, in the firm I am working for, and in my ability to get results. I believe that honest stuff can be passed out to honest men by honest methods. I believe in working, not weeping; in boosting, not knocking; and in the pleasure of my job. I believe that a man gets what he goes after, that one deed done today is worth two deeds tomorrow, and that no man is down and out until he has lost faith in himself. I believe in today and the work I am doing; in tomorrow and the work I hope to do, and in the sure reward which the future holds. I believe in courtesy, in kindness, in generosity, in good-cheer, in friendship and in honest competition. I believe there is something doing, somewhere, for every man ready to do it. I believe I'm ready—Right Now!—*The Fra.*

THE PULPIT

The Mind of Christ

Sermon by

REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

"We have the mind of Christ". I Cor.,, 2:16.

Perhaps never since St. Paul was martyred have these words echoed so persistently in the minds of men as they do today. When men think about religion in our day, it is about the mind of Christ that they think, His life and words—His attitude towards life and death, and all that lies between. If they read the Gospels, it is not to illustrate a creed, but to listen to a Voice that "spake as never man spake." Still as of old He speaks as one having authority, and it is His words that men are eager to hear.

Since this text offers just what our age is seeking, we may well ask its meaning. In the context the Apostle makes mention of three types of mind. There is the carnal mind, swayed by passion and prejudice, to which divine things are foolish and unreal. Then there is a higher mind, described in our version as a "natural mind"—an unfortunate term because it implies that the highest mind, the spiritual, is unnatural. The exact word used is "psychical," but for us that term is linked with processes and associations equally misleading. If we use the word "intellectual" we are not far from what St. Paul means, and, oddly enough, he anticipated the reigning thought of our day.

On the first page of his great book, Bergson tells us that the intellect is "an appendange to the faculty of action" and, later, that it has "a natural inability to comprehend life." So also Kant, who made it clear that Pure Reason alone cannot know the reality of things. These thinkers do not belittle the intellect, but they do show us, in different ways, its proper limits. We cannot know living reality by simply thinking about it, still less by analyzing and watching it. We must be in it and of it, must enter into it by intuitive sympathy and know it, as Bergson says, "after the fashion of one who loves." Hamlet was not a creation of pure reason, but of swift and vivid artistic insight, and no doubt he was as much a wonder to Shakespeare as he is to us.

So far the Apostle and the philosophers agree, but here their paths part. Kant saved the day by appeal to the "practical reason," and Bergson to the instinctive mind, whereas St. Paul appeals to a higher mind which he calls "spiritual"; and this mind, he says, apprehends divine things. What is this highest mind? Instead of defining it, St. Paul shows us what it is by concrete example; it is the Mind of Christ. Thus our theme today: what is the mind of Christ, and what does the Apostle mean when he says that we have that mind?

I. Somehow we feel that it is incongruous to speak of Jesus as a great thinker. Not timidity, but a certain wise instinct makes us aware that there was that in Him above and apart from what

we mean by the term intellect. We have only to think of Him alongside a great dialectician like Socrates to see that He belongs to a different order. Keen, restless, logical, Socrates pricked the bubbles of ignorance and vanity, and laughed to hear them explode. Jesus could do that, too, as we see in His debates with his critics—parrying their thrusts and so outwitting them that they dared not ask Him any more questions. But what was a supreme power in Socrates was only a by-play with the Master. If the Greek brought philosophy down from the cloudland of speculation and set its feet upon the earth, Jesus brought something higher down to earth. Kant was a great metaphysician, undermining one by one the presumptions of commen sense and the axioms of the intellect—leaving only the moral imperative undissolved in his analysis. Yet when we turn from the Critique of Pure Reason to the Gospels, what a different world it is. Jesus might have had a curious interest in the argument of Kant, but He would have been unmoved by it.

Or let us imagine Jesus reading the Darwin thesis on the Origin of Species. There He would find a great and patient mind, bringing together a bewildering mass of data, microscopic and macroscopic, seeking a law of unity and growth. How unlike the two types of mind! The same feeling comes over us, again, when we pass from the many-mirrored plays of Shakespeare to the simple parables of Jesus. Shakespeare makes it easy for a man to believe in miracles, so fertile is he, so like a printed edition of the universe are his dramas. Who else has fathomed the human soul with all its flaming and chaotic passion? Yet Shakespeare humbly bowed before Jesus as One who knew what he would have given everything to know. Lamb said truly that if Shakespeare were to enter the room all would rise in admiration, but if Jesus were to open the door even Shakespeare himself would kneel.

Surely, it may be thought, we find something akin to the mind of Christ among the great religious geniuses. Yet even in that shining company our search is in vain; so much so that we feel that to call Jesus a genius at all is inapt. Take Pascal, with his abject faith, his sense of "that unbearable need which disturbs the heart of man, and will not be comforted;" take Newman, with his unearthliness of intellect, and his awful vision of the unseen —yet how far they are from Jesus, though they were seeking Him day and night. In her new book, "The Mystic Way," Evelyn Underhill calls Jesus the Master-Mystic of the ages; and yet we find in His life none of the agonies and ecstasies of classic mysticism. The introspective method of Boehme, the passionate quest of Teresa, the deep, still quietism of Molinos—beautiful as these experiences are, we do not find them in Jesus. His fellowship with God was direct, simple beyond analysis., open and unobscured. All those angelic souls confess that Jesus was what they sought so earnestly to be.

It is indeed strange. The whole world of scientific knowledge, of esthetic culture, of practical achievement, which we think so essential, Jesus seemed to ignore. He did not enter, nor seem to care to enter it. Yet how tawdry, how unsatisfying all that vast and noble world seems beside what Jesus knew! He did not write a poem, or paint a picture, but He knew how to take a poor, knotted, twisted, bespattered, sinful soul and make it straight and strong and lovely! He knew how to heal a broken heart, and how to set a besotted mind at liberty! There is a center from which all truth can be surveyed, and Jesus lived at that center. As someone has said, He throws light on everything, and everything throws light on Him. How wonderful beyond words He is, how unique and supreme above all who have ever walked this earth.

II. The better to feel the mystery of the mind of Christ, let us look for a moment at some of its qualities. He did not learn from books; He drank from the fountain of which books are the spray. It was a powerful mind, amazing in its depths and scope and grasp, projecting its ideas and visions through thousands of years, giving lovely and enduring form to the faith and hope of humanity. It was a positive mind. He did not grope and guess; He knew. Insight, not logic, was His guide, and His words are a series of grand affirmations. There was no mist in His mind, no film over His eyes, but the lucidity and poise of God-like sanity. It was a seer-like, prophetic mind, over which the future cast its light and shadow. Much of His sadness may have been due to this deep prevision, and much of His joy also—for he saw the far-off victory of His spirit and His truth in the world. Yet He was no mere predictor, and set no dates when His dreams are to come true; He was greater than all the prophets.

It was a practical mind, in no sense speculative. One who sees and knows has no need to argue or conjecture. His insight was as clear as sunlight and as sure as the order of the world. He dealt only with the truth which is vital, usable and makes for faith and the conduct of life. One may cull from the sayings of Jesus a body of homely wit and wisdom, unequaled anywhere. Yet He was no maker of maxims, no purveyor of paradoxes. The proverbs of Bacon are wise, but cold and glittering with gem-like hardness—nor did they make him a good man. Men must have something more than sagacity; something higher than cunning; they must have spirituality. Always the truest worldly wisdom comes from the most unworldly minds. If Jesus had common sense, He also had an uncommon sense rare in this world and precious beyond price. He was so wise that He was simple, and so simple that He was wise.

It was an artistic mind to which truth was beauty, and beauty truth. Of a great Greek it was said:

> "Our Euripides the Human
> With his droppings of warm tears
> And his touches of things common
> Till they rose and touched the spheres."

but those lines are even more true of Him who walked in Galilee; He loved flowers; He mused over seeds; He knew the birds and the brotherhood of the winds. In His sermons lilies grow, sparrows fly to and fro, the sower goes forth to sow, the housewife is busy at her toil, suns rise

and set. At His touch little familiar things are lifted and become teachers of ultimate truths. There is an air of out of doors about His words, as if a sky full of stars were His chamber of meditation and prayer. His words are the acme of art that is artless in its felicity of simplicity. The parables were not made; they grew.

Yet these traits, so rare and beautiful, were only minor qualities in the mind of Jesus, only the foothills of a mountain range. Far above them towered that awful clarity of vision whereby He walked through the world undeceived and unillusioned, knowing what is in man. He lifted "the painted veil, which those who live call life;" and saw behind it. No glitter of rank or robe or caste dazzled Him. No disguise of hypocrisy, no fictitious sanctity, no solemn make-believe deceived Him. His all-seeing everywhereness of mind reversed the ideals and ideas of the world, making the first last and the last first. His swift divination of motives, His sure perception of values, brought hidden things to light. Truth swayed Him, ruled Him, and He uttered it with a freedom, a fearlessness which no flattery, no threat, no venerable and consecrated authority could deter. He was the one free spirit of all time, bound only to know the will of God and to do it.

Even those nearest to Him did not understand Him. He was alone, but never lonely, having access to a companionship which others knew dimly. Always the great tyrannical majority was against Him, but He was unmoved. His enemies were a solid phalanx, but He was unawed. The rough, hard, cynical tide of world thought beat against Him, but He was unshaken. Sceptics scorned, wits jeered, wise ones smiled, but He turned not aside. With all His strength there was an ineffable tenderness, a hallowing sympathy ocean-like in its depths and sweetness. Pity and power met in Him as in no one else. What other mind does not seem petty beside the riches of His faith, the beauty of His simplicity, and the incredible power of His gentleness! What depth of love, what lofty lowliness, what exquisite forgiveness, what unwearying hope!

What vastness, too, is here. No one mind, even the greatest, seems able to illustrate it. We have to add together many intellects, putting contradictions side by side. He was radical and conservative; an extreme fraternalist and a great individualist; mystical and practical; full of prayer while going about doing good; with the strength of a man and more than the mercy of woman; more human than any of us—and more divine than all the gods of whom man has ever dreamed. All that men seek elsewhere they can find in Christ—and much else besides. His sayings may be found scattered over the world, but He alone brought them together and gave them His image and superscription. So vast is the mystery of Jesus that we do not think of His mind, or His heart, or His will, but of Himself—His personality. There were heights in Him far beyond our ken, something mysterious and mystical which baffles analysis. He heard voices where we are oppressed by the dead weight of silence; He saw visions where we see only vacancy. The amazing altitude of His mind awes us into wonder—and worship!

III. What, then, could St. Paul have meant when he said that we have the mind of Christ? We must be able to share it, and yet no one of us, or all of us together, can obtain it. Our chalice soon overflows, and the sea is still full. Only in our corporate and communal life can we be said to possess the mind of Christ and incarnate it. It is like the air and sunlight which the flowers have in common, and from which each derives its beauty of form and color. One flower differs from another flower in charm, but there are so many shapes of one life revealing its unity in variety. Just so the mind of Christ, more gentle and abundant than the sunlight, reveals its unity and richness in all the myriad forms which love and service and character take.

St. Paul, after his conversion, had but one ambition—to live the life of Christ, to bear about in his body the marks of the Lord Jesus. But even that prince of mystics, who was so heroic and tireless in his activities, was able to embody only a part of the riches of grace that are in the mind of the Master. Of Francis of Assissi it has been said that he was the only Christian who has lived since Christ. But that noble and gracious spirit, with its blend of poetry, piety and pity, and his life of beauty in "the Galilee of Italy," was only a star deriving its light from One whom he loved and followed. Jacob Boehme was a man who saw ever the eternal hills. To his gayest hours they formed the background, and by their height he measured all things else. Yet he was only an humble student in the school of Christ, a learner at the feet of Him to know whom is life eternal. So we might call the roll of those who heard the perpetual liturgy of heaven, from St. Bernard to St. Phillips Brooks—and they all with one accord confess Him to be the light of their heroic and dedicated lives.

Here is the secret of Christian unity and the seat of authority in faith. Not what the dogmatists argue, but what the humblest soul learns by following the Master and obeying His impulse to know and do the will of God—this is the truth that makes men free. It has the authority, not of an argument, but of a Personality, a unity not of forms but of fellowship, in which the resources of a Higher Mind are disclosed, and the deep things of God are revealed. Let the Church seek by prayer, by principle, by practice, to know the mind of Christ, and be guided by it, and its discords will be healed and its deeper unity unveiled. 'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished, yea, sought for with prayer and tears, and may the great God hasten its coming!

This lesson is for all—that we may seek to embody, each to the utmost of his capacity, and all to the fullness of an abundant life, the wonder and beauty and love that are in Christ. By as much as we put on Christ as the spirit and form and color of our lives, by so much do we reveal Him to the world, and hasten the advent of the day when the Mind of Christ shall rule the race, healing its ills, hallowing its fellowships, and lifting it from the animal to the angel shape.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Growth of the Hebrew Religion

A YEARS WORK

In the Study of the Old Testament as Given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to His Classes in Religion

1912—1913

Prepared for UNITY by DR. ALICE D. WILLIAMS

XXXI.

PSALMS.

LAST LESSON.

TEXT: *I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue.*

By this time we should have the impression that it is a long, long road through the Old Testament from the standpoint of chronology. At least a thousand years in time was involved in the Hebrew Bible as we have it. We talk often of the Puritans as if they were the beginning of things in America, yet how small a thing it is when we measure our own history in length of time and compare it with the time it takes to produce a Bible.

We have traveled a long way, also, in thought from the crude, tribal, bigoted, narrow conceptions of God and duty to the sublime conceptions of the universe such as we know of now. We have traveled the whole gamut of literature from folk-lore to high poetry. It is a long way from the story of the patriarchs to the Book of Job; from the contracted vision and narrow enthusiasms of the prophets Obadiah and Nahum to the higher Psalms.

It is fitting that this last lesson should be on the Book of Psalms. When the Jewish Bible was closed the book of Prayer and Hymns was the one book which was still in process of making and it grew perhaps for another hundred years. That portion of it which was latest in forming is found in the Apochrypha in a number of Psalms which were written too late to get into our collection.

Cheyne, one of the latest and highest interpreters of this book, says that the old scholars used to inquire whether any of the Psalms were post-exilic. Now the question is are any of them pre-exilic.

The Psalms, instead of having been written in the time of David and Solomon, perhaps all date after the return.

When we think of the book of Psalms as a book of hymns and prayers we get the right conception. The best of hymns ought to be prayers and prayers ought to be poetry. The book of Psalms, like other hymn-books, is a compilation and was shaped under the hand of successive editors. Like other collections, the bulk of them are anonymous. The early devout Methodists came to ascribe the whole of the original Wesleyan hymnal to Charles Wesley, their great hymnist. He did write a large number of hymns, though many others than those he wrote formed a part of the book he compiled. "Watt's Collection of Hymns" was made by Watts and some of the hymns in it he wrote. Hymnology has come to be a department of study by itself and it takes a fine high penetration to deserve the name of hymnologist. Such are William C. Gannett and Frederick L. Hosmer, particularly the latter, who has spent years in studying, collecting, analyzing and editing hymn-books and writing many beautiful hymns himself. The Unity hymns and chorals, last edition, is the modern book of Psalms of the Liberal Faith.

Montefiore, the Jewish commentator, says that originally there were three collections of Psalms, but that they were subsequently divided into five to correspond with the five books of the Pentateuch, the Torah. He says, very frankly, that all the way through the Psalms are touched with the great blemish of the post-exilic period in Jewish history. Ezra's and Nehemiah's influence was toward deepening national enthusiasm at the cost of breadth. Some of the finest Psalms are touched with intensest narrowness. The book of Psalms has always been a favorite book with the warrior. Cromwell's men marched into battle singing Psalms full of militarism.

Still the Psalms are shot through and through with the highest expression of devout reverence which is the highest feeling of which the human soul is capable. Goethe calls reverence the highest gift of culture. No child is born reverent; it is only study, culture and meditation which brings the soul to an attitude of reverence. It is born out of the sense of the mystery and majesty of life, the immensity and immeasurableness of human experience. Nothing is more distressing than a college graduate who is flippant, a student who is conceited, and the college that does not succeed in touching its students with a sense of humility in ethical and spiritual judgment has missed its highest opportunity.

Montefiore classifies the Psalms as: Psalms of Prayer in Seasons of Trouble, The Psalms of Happy Communion with God, Psalms of Thanksgiving, Psalms of Pilgrimage, Psalms that belong to Royalty, a group which he calls Didactic Psalms, Psalms in Praise of the Law and Psalms of Praise. He leaves out the cursing and the bigotry in his compilations made in the interest of the home.

The thirty-ninth Psalm comes in his group of the Psalms of Praise.

> I said I will take heed to my ways,
> That I sin not with my tongue;
> I will put a bridle on my mouth
> While the wicked is before me.

There is a pretty story in connection with this Psalm which Montefiore gives:

> Socrates, called Scholasticus, an ecclesiastical historian of the fifth century, tells of a plain man named Pambo, who came to a learned man and asked him to teach him some Psalms. He began to read to him the thirty-ninth: "I said that I will take heed to my ways that I sin not with my tongue." Having heard this first sentence, Pambo took his leave, saying he would make this his first lesson. He did not return, and when his teacher met him after the space of two months, and asked him when he would proceed, he replied that he had not yet mastered his first lesson; and he gave the same answer to one who asked the same question forty-nine years after. But Pambo became a great saint all the same.

Browning, in the last poem in *Jocoseria*, gives a playful rendering of this story of Pambo.

Of the twenty-third Psalm Professor Cheyne says:

> The speaker is any pious Israelite in whose mind both national and personal hopes and fears rest side by side. The "national" and the "personal" elements cannot be dissevered by the most potent analysis. Israel's Shepherd does not neglect the individual. From Jeremiah's time onward this truth was realized with increasing vividness. It has found its classic expression in this Psalm.

The hundred and nineteenth Psalm is the longest

and the great test of a good Sunday School child used to be the committing to memory of the whole of it, says Ruskin in *Pors Clavigera*:

It is strange that of all the pieces of the Bible which my mother taught me, that which cost me most to learn, and which to my child's mind was most repulsive, Psalm CXIX, has now become of all the most precious to me in its overflowing and glorious passion of love for the law of God.

Another Psalm written in praise of the law begins:

The heavens declare the glory of God
And the firmament showeth his handiwork.

One of Addison's great hymns is a paraphrase of this Psalm.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.

These Psalms are not only meant for devout reading but for devout singing. The word Psalm comes from "psaltery," a musical instrument. It is the Hebrew equivalent of the Greek word "lyre." A Psalm is something to be chanted with musical accompaniment, with great choruses and processionals. The Jewish religion in its most perfect form, liturgically, was very high church and its liturgy was more imposing than that of the Roman Catholic Church.

One of the most beautiful and pathetic of the Psalms is the hundred and thirty-seventh, a Psalm of the exile. It is not probable that those homesick people on the banks of the Euphrates sang this psalm. It was written for them after they had been dead a hundred years perhaps. The boys that marched from Atlanta to the sea did not sing "Marching Through Georgia. This Psalm begins:

By the rivers of Babylon
There he sat down and wept,
When we remembered Zion.
We hung our harps
Upon the willows in the midst thereof.

and ends:

Happy shall he be that taketh
And dasheth thy little ones against the stones.

Here is a wise comment by Montefiore:

It would be tempting to omit the third stanza. But in a Psalm so famous as this it would be historically unfair. Doubtless the Psalmist had seen and heard of many deeds of heartless cruelty, which partly palliate the cruelty of his own heart's desire. . . . . Yet it is not for us to forget that it is not our wisdom and piety which enable us to detect the religious deficiencies of our ancestors Rather is it the sifted piety and purified wisdom of the past which enable the present to start at a higher moral and religious level. As the old saying goes, "Dwarfs on giants' shoulders see further than giants."

As we look back over this course of lessons the figure of the mountain range comes to us again. Have we not looked at a distant mountain range in which certain peaks reach up and pierce the sky, among which are valleys, groves, sudden drops, smiling books and grassy plains? From the top of Pike's Peak to the bottom of the Grand Cañon is a long way, but it is all a part of the Rocky Mountain system, and, geographically speaking, it is a profound unit that reaches from the top of Pike's Peak to the desert waste of Arizona. We have in the Old Testament a mountain range comparable with the modern range in which we see Tolstoy, Ruskin, Charles Sumner, Whittier, Abraham Lincoln, etc. We have been exploring that mountain range, the unfinished Bible, for the Bible really was not finished until the Jew, stripped again of political dominance, brought his peculiar graces into the current of Greek thought and life. The result of this meeting is high and inspiring and the result of this impinging Greek thought on Hebrew life will be the study of the next year in this course.

The Study Table

Book Notices

1. *Religion in China.* J. J. M. De Groot. New York and London: 1912. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo. pp. xv. 327. Price, $1.50.
2. *Swords and Ploughshares.* Lucia Ames Mead. New York and London: 1912. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo. pp. xii. 249. Price, $1.50.
3. *Our Neighbors the Japanese.* Joseph King Goodrich. Chicago: 1913. F. G. Browne & Co 16mo. pp. 253. Price, $1.25.
4. *Old China and Young America.* Susan Pike Conger. Chicago: 1913. F. G. Browne & Co. 16mo. pp. 160. Price, $0.75.

There are three religions in China,[1] ye the Chinese say *han san wei yih,* "it contains three yet it is only one" in speaking of religion. De Groot finds the parent stem of the three great religions—Taoism, Confucianism, Buddhism—in what he calls Universism, "the religion of the Universe, in its parts and phenomena." It is because the three have sprung from it that they "are its three integrant parts," that the Chinese can at one and the same time hold to three different religious systems. Taoism is nearest to the parent stock; in fact De Groot says: "This Universism was Tavism, the two terms are synonymous." During the Tlan dynasty the old religion bifurcated into Taoism proper and Confucianism, the latter soon gaining a notable ascendancy. Buddhism was an engrafted branch, coming after the bifurcation. De Groot's effort is to study ancient Universism and to show how Taoism and Confusianism have developed from it. Tao is the order of the Universe; it is "the way of the road of *Yin* and the *Yang,*" the *Yin* and the *Yang* are the reciprocal principles in nature—active and passive, male and female, heaven and earth, heat and cold, light and darkness; *yin* and *yang* work harmonously, though ever contending; *tao,* in so far as man is concerned, is a line of conduct; it should imitate the *tao* of heaven and earth; in so far as it does all is harmony. Man is himself a microcosm; in him are embodied *yang* and *yin;* he is a combination of *shen* (souls or spirits of *yang* essence) and *kwei* (souls or spirits of *yin* essence. There are innumerable spirits—*shen* and *kwei*—in the Universe. *Shen* are the gods, *kwei* are the demons. One gains the favor of gods and escapes the danger of demons by bringing himself into harmony with the existing universal order. Taoism has been developed into a system through the writings of three patriarchs—Lao, Chwang and Kwan. Put into practice, it developed impartiality, justice, compliance, forbearance, mildness, abnegation and other good qualities; also inaction, taciturnity, etc. Man aims towards perfection through *tao. Tao* recognizes four cardinal virtues or *shang*—benevolence, sociality, righteousness, and correctness. In their development come self-effacement and inaction. Confucianism was a revolt against these tendencies. Suppression of wisdom (involved in Taoist "emptiness" or "dispassion") gives place to active encouragement of learning. The Confucian books (*king* and *shu*) inculcate intentional strife for perfection through yearning. Since the days of Confucius the enormous Chinese population has been controlled by "the classics." Having thus found Universism as the fundamental religion of China and shown that it gave rise to Tavism and Confucianism, De Groot in his other lectures studies the influence of

Universim in the development of asceticism and the effort to prolong life and secure immortality by virtue, in the development of worship ritual, in social and political activties and in *fung shui*—"the science of building houses, graves and temples under the beneficial influence of the Universe." Throughout his discussion, De Groot makes frequent quotations from the religious and philosophical books of the Chinese, and his whole discussion is based directly on ancient texts. There is very little theory in his well developed argument. The book is composed of the tenth series of "The Amercan Lectures on the History of Religion." The lectures were given in 1910 and 1911. Prof. De Groot, a Dutchman by birth and long connected with the University of Leiden, is today professor of sinology in the University of Berlin.

Mrs. Mead's book[2] is certainly one of the most interesting and important of its class. There is not a dry page in it and it is a veritable storehouse of valuable facts. The argument developed in it is "the supplanting of the system of war by the system of law." Mrs. Mead first briefly outlines the history of the peace movement and shows to just what extent advancement has been made. She then discusses national dangers and national defence. Over and over again she shows how the money spent in a single profitless war might have produced great national advancement—andvancement which, if made, would have blotted out the excuse for war. While a peace advocate, Mrs. Mead believes in literary polemics and is quite able to hold her own in the aggressive chapters in which she discusses "Makers of Militarism," "The Navy as Insurance" and "Fallacies of Admiral Mahan." Of exceptional interest are her studies of interdependence, neutralization and non-intercourse and of the development of international movements. Much, very much, has already been gained in these directions—far more than is generally appreciated. Her discussion of patriotism and the instruction of school children in national and international ideas and ideals is pertinent and practical. "Swords and Ploughshares" is a book to read and re-read and then to have at hand for reference; it is a book which cannot be waved aside. All peace workers will welcome it, of course; but the man not in sympathy with the peace movement cannot afford to neglect it, if he wishes to intelligently discuss the question. The book is admirably illustrated with pictures that instruct and stimulate.

Joseph King Goodrich's little book[3] forms the first number in a series to be known as "Our Neighbors Series." It is to be followed by other volumes upon "The Chinese," "The Filipinos," etc. The author was "sometime professor in the Imperial College at Kyoto." His experience with the Orient has been long—his first contact coming in 1866. Prof. Goodrich has had many interesting experiences and has done many unusual things. His book is intended for young readers and for that reason probably adopts a semi-critical, semi-tolerant attitude towards much in custom and belief which is exasperating to a reader of breadth of view and experiennce, and which is of doubtful advantage to the "young person" who may be gaining his first impressions of a neighboring people from its pages. The best chapters in the book are those on "The Farmer" and "The Fisherman." The author does not confine his attention to the Japanese proper, but presents information about the Ainu, Loochooans, Formosans and Koreans. His personal contact with the Ainu took place in 1887 and he was one of the first writers in English to give first hand information regarding that interesting people. The chapter on "Koropokguru and the Earth-spiders" has no value; Japanese believe in pre-Ainu populations in Japan, but Goodrich does not fairly present their views and argument and what he says on the subject is vague and inconclusive. Mr. Goodrich does not much love the Japanese, because he loves the Chinese better, but he tries to be fair to them—not always successfully. As in some of his other books, the pictures in this volume are largely misfits; they are pretty but not pertinent. A curse of present-day books is the introduction of pictures that do not illustrate the accompanying text.

A pretty book, intended for little girls, is Sarah Pike Conger's[4] "Old China and Young America." It is written by the widow of our former ambassador to China, who is already known through her "Letters from China." The book contains fifteen short stories upon Chinese and twenty-five upon American topics. The Chinese stories are mostly drawn from Mrs. Conger's own experiences in China; the others are moral and didactic sermonettes upon a wide range of texts. In both sections emphasis is laid upon flags and patriotism.

FREDERICK STARR.

Naval Stores vs. Labor Interests

The following comments on the conditions of the labor markets in "the great war nations," taken from such an authoritative source as the *Savannah Weekly Naval Stores Review and Journal of Trade,* ought to awaken serious reflection in the mind of every voter, present or prospective, male or female, in the civilized world:

Germany is the third consumer, in point of volume, of naval stores, the United States being the largest, the United Kingdom second. Great interest therefore attaches to the trade conditions in the German Empire, which, according to recent dispatches, as given below, are not very roseate:

"BERLIN—Enforced idleness, distress among working people unparalleled in recent years is feared throughout the empire.

"Every great industry is depressed, the outlook for the opening of winter, when the building trades languish, is very gloomy. Besides, the harvest will be far below the average, it is feared.

"For every 100 vacancies at the labor exchanges there were 168 applicants last month. The Vorwaerts, the Socialist organ, asks brusquely what the ruling class intends to do when the demand for work is shouted in their ears.

"The Vorwaerts says that so many people will be out of employment within the next few months that the 'most elaborate system of almsgiving' will not begin to relieve the distress.

"Meanwhile, prices rise steadily. Good meat has long been out of the reach of the very poor. Even common vegetables have reached extravagant prices and clothes and boots are dearer."

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"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

THE PREMIER AND SUFFRAGE

Deputations from the National Union of Women Suffrage Societies have been received by the Prime Minister and other prominent members of the Cabinet. The women have put before these gentlemen the information which has been collected during the recent pilgrimage as to the amount of public support for woman suffrage. The deputation to Mr. Asquith was more important, inasmuch as it drew from him a statement as to his views of the immediate future of this question from the Parliamentary point of view. He gave no hope that the subject will be taken up by the present government in this Parliament, though he did admit that the divided state of parties on the question made the women's struggle more difficult. The only new admission which the Prime Minister made was the implied confession that a small minority in a party had no right to obstruct and resist the desires of the great majority. From this it may be inferred that if the women can succeed in making woman suffrage a prominent issue at the next election, and if a large majority of Liberals are returned pledged to support their demand, Mr. Asquith will feel bound to subordinate his own views on this question to those of the majority, and make it a government measure. This was the gain of the deputation. Exception must certainly be taken to Mr. Asquith's claim that the government is free from blame in the matter of the failure to proceed with the Franchise Bill in the early part of this year. The speaker never ruled that it is impossible, under the rules of the House of Commons, to incorporated a woman's suffrage amendment to a franchise bill. On the contrary, it was ruled by two former speakers that it would be perfectly in order to do this. What the present speaker decided last January was that the government bill was drawn too narrowly to admit of such an amendment, but he did not say that it was impossible to frame a measure to which a woman suffrage amendment would be in order. It must also be said quite plainly that Mr. Asquith is strangely innocent of what went on in the House of Commons, and of the actions of members of his Cabinet, if he does not know that the most persistent efforts were made by his colleagues to prevent a free and unfettered vote on the question both last year and this.—*The Christian Commonwealth.*

On May 6, 1911, a swallow was marked with a "British Birds" ring, No. B830, at Cheadle in Staffordshire, and two days before Christmas, 1912, he was found at a farmhouse in Natal, South Africa! The little traveler had come a journey of seven thousand miles through the air.

BAD RESULTS OF THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN

It is so rarely now that any voice is raised against the higher education of women that it is with a curious sensation of being back in the dark ages that one reads the following, quoted by the *Chicago Israelite* from the pen of Dr. Marcus S. Pembrey, the well known biologist and lecturer on physiology at Guy's Hospital in London:

"The old-fashioned view of women's place in nature," Professor Pembrey declares, "is the one supported by biological knowledge. The slur cast upon 'Victorian mothers' has not been properly resented. True, they did not glory in competing in mental and physical contests with men, but they could, and did, bear large, healthy families."

"The possession of a baby is of more value to the state than a first-class certificate in classic or a silver trophy for sport."

"The so-called higher education of women," the professor asserts, "is not a good ideal for either woman, man or the state. Education at a university for three or four years makes a considerable demand upon the bodily, mental and pecuniary resources of a woman, and there is little doubt that these would be made useful to all concerned if devoted to, or reserved for, marriage. There is no evidence that a middle-aged intellectual woman makes a better wife or mother. The indications are all the other way.

"The woman who is married for her services as a cheap secretary or assistant in her husband's intellectual pursuits is as much degraded as a wife who is valued only as a cheap housekeeper and cook."

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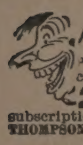

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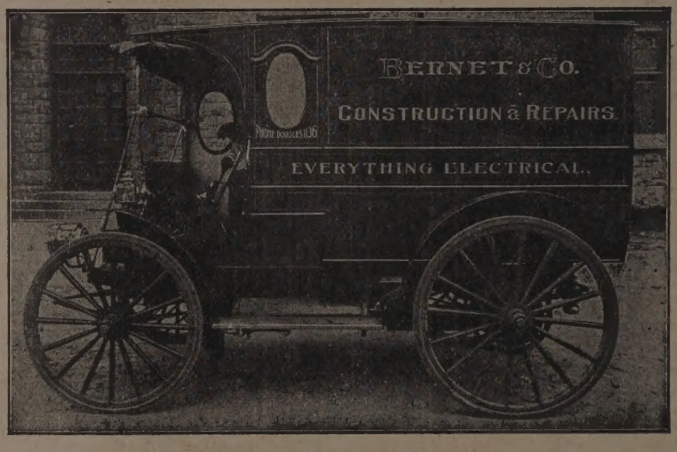

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